Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*:
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*.
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother the King hath made your *Nephew* mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And